MIGHTY ROCK, WHOSE TOWERING FORM

1. Might-y Rock, whose tow’ring form
   Looks a-bove the frown-ing storm;

2. Of the springs that from Thee burst,
   Let me drink and quench my thirst;

3. When I near the stream of death,
   When I feel its chill-y breath,

Rock a-mid the des-ert waste,
To Thy shad-ow now I haste.

Wea-ry, faint-ing, toil op-pressed,
In Thy shad-ow let me rest.

Rock where all my hopes a-bide,
In Thy shad-ow let me hide.

Chorus

Un-to Thee, un-to Thee,
Pre- cious Sav-i-or, now I flee;

Rock of A-ges, cleft for me,
Let me hide my-self in Thee.

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